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A FINAL VIEW

Including

Correspondence from Malcolm Cowley, Evelyn Waugh, and Riley Hughes

• *Page 18*

four Quarters

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The Building of the Cathedral

● Victor M. Hamm

THEN came the loud music of stone on stone, as the masons lifted the grey masses into position. Ring of hammer and chisel resounded in the clear air, mixed with the voices of the workmen as they gave and received orders or sang, and echoed down the streets of the town to its boundaries. In the fragrant April morning the children had left their fathers' houses and come into the square to watch the building. Some of them had flowers in their hair. They danced with joy to see the Saints coming out of the stone, or stood perplexed face to face with a long-necked gargoyle.

And so the building of the cathedral continued. There were scores of workmen busy at it: masons and sculptors, joiners and carpenters, hewers of wood and hod-carriers. They were all dressed in short-skirted smocks, and some of them had caps on their heads. Interested and busy, not one of them shirked or idled. Yet no one was watching them. Occasionally Bishop Geoffrey, the prime mover of the undertaking, came to observe the progress of the work. But no sudden burst of activity marked the event. The sculptor kept on chipping at his statue, and the hod-carrier took his deliberate step on the scaffolding. The bishop was a genial man, and he often smiled at his workmen, praising this one for his keen eye and that one for his strong arm. The only difference his presence seemed to make was that after he had passed, they sang with increased zest, if they sang, or spoke with increased joviality, if they spoke, and took particular pains to fit the mortar well into the stones.

Pierre Naron was the cleverest of the artisans. It was he who had charge of the Saints of the grand portal. They encircled the arch of the doorway, and rose on one another's heads in ever mounting tiers. They stood in more conspicuous ranks beneath the rose window. The bishop had suggested this ornamentation, having seen a similar detail on his friend the Abbot Suger's church, St. Denis. His church, he suggested, should have one like it. Pierre took to the idea eagerly.

The Saints were coming to life out of the stone. At the base, the great apostles and martyrs, with books and keys in their hands, and symbolic devices underneath them, were practically complete. Pierre added a touch here and there. Either St. Peter's nose was too flat, or St. James's ears were too prominent. With his chisel he seemed rather to stroke than chip the stone. Very lovingly he brushed the grey faces, the heavy cheeks and ears.

Pierre loved his work and his workmen. He had grown up with cathedrals. In his youth he had seen Notre Dame de Paris come to life. He had first laid hand to stone

on the cathedral on the Seine. Thence he had gone to Rheims and achieved a name as a sculptor. Bishop de Leves had called him to Chartres, and Naron left the facade of Rheims to other hands. And now he was here. Pierre was a tall, well-made man, with the bearing of a master. There was much of the father about him, and something of the priest. Though he was younger than many of his workmen, they all looked upon him with the respect of sons, and his word was law, though his voice was gentle.

Now there was among the craftsmen one Christophe Rudol, a heavy-limbed, raw-faced fellow with a nose like that of one of the monsters on the eaves of the church, and with small black eyes like beads. Christophe was an excellent workman with ideas of his own. He did not favor Naron's plan for the decoration of the facade. It seemed too elaborate to him. He preferred a simpler, more massive style. Naron knew his opinions. One day Christophe had come to him and said, rather brusquely, as was his way: "The Saints are too many. One would think you were trying to empty Heaven upon this wall." Naron laid a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Brother," he said, and his eyes twinkled, "then there will surely be room enough there for thee." Christophe glanced at him angrily and moved off. From that day on he avoided Pierre and grew moody, saying little to his comrades and not joining in their songs. One noticed, too, that the Saints he worked on grew frowns on their foreheads and looked like Puritans. Many of the workmen chided him, and laughed at his moodiness. But Christophe brooded on, and his Saints grew less and less gay.

One bright day some time later the two met again. There was dark fire in Christophe's eyes, and he tried to avoid Pierre's. But Naron said cheerily: "Who put wormwood in your porridge this morning, Christophe? I am sure the good Lord, if He saw your face, would be frightened."

Christophe moved closer, and there was bitterness in his voice when he spoke: "That is the way with us in the world. The deserving get nothing, and the undeserving get all." Pierre smiled, but the man was quite serious, and went on: "I have been working here longer than you have. I studied with the great Sanpierre. I can do a Saint to the life from my remembrance of the Saints at St. Denis. By all rights it is I who ought to be in command here, not you." His tone was challenging.

Pierre did not reply for some moments; when he did it was severely, yet gently: "Christophe, tempt not the good Lord. For you know, my brother, that I was sent here by the bishop. I had nothing to say about it. If I had, I would be carving the hard stone, which I enjoy much more than walking about here giving orders. But we must do the work the Lord sets for us. And this seems to be mine. If you are dissatisfied, He is not pleased with you. Go, Christophe, be glad in your work. Look at Adolphe and Louis, your comrades. They whistle and hum and are joyful, and the Saints

smile under their hands."

"Adolphe and Louis are idiots," growled Christophe. "No, I will not be content. Things are not as they should be. You are my enemy. You have stolen my rightful place from me."

Pierre felt that disciplinary measures were indicated. "I have told you how matters stand," he said simply. "You are a foolish fellow. It is my duty to oversee the work and to distribute it. I shall arrange to have you from now on do the carving in the tower. It is a high place, and perhaps better suited to your aspirations."

Christophe glared. Secretly he was pleased, for the carving in the tower was delicate and difficult, and its master a man admired for both his skill and his courage. And Christophe did not suffer from dread of height. But he pretended to be affronted. Pierre, moreover, knew that Christophe had had his eye on the position, and hit on this subtle way of punishing and yielding to him at the same time. He could not restrain a twinkle of amusement at Christophe's reaction to the order. They parted, the workman still muttering under his breath, Pierre restored to spirits by his clever stroke.

Some days later Christophe was sitting on his perch, lacing out a tendril of stone at one of the windows of the tower. The air was brisk up there. Larks darted about. Christophe had momentarily forgotten all rancor and was humming the *Dies irae* to himself, enjoying the resonance the hollow structure gave to his bass voice. He was alone. Suddenly he chanced to glance down. What he saw was this. A little man with flaxen hair—that would be Naron—seemed to be busily engaged in conversation with another little man in black—that would be the bishop. The flaxen-haired man was pointing out various details of the building. Then he pointed upwards to the tower. Christophe shrank back into the recesses of his perch. After a few moments he again peered over. He saw the other man look up too, then pat both of Pierre's shoulders with his hands and stride off.

"They have been talking about me," thought Christophe, and his heart pounded louder against his ribs. He looked down again. Naron was standing directly beneath him. The beating of Christophe's heart grew louder, and his eyes sparkled. A pigeon promenaded with much display of leisure along the ledge, nodding its head mechanically. Christophe noticed that some of the stones of the floor on which he was standing were loose. Rapidly he lifted one up, measured the distance, and dropped it over the parapet. A few moments later there was a crash. Cautiously he looked over the rampart. Down below was Pierre, standing unscathed with the stone in his hand, looking up intently. He caught sight of Christophe and called: "Safe and sound. St. Peter's nose saved me."

Christophe scrambled down from his perch and pretended to be much concerned about the accident. "It is indeed terrible that my dislodging the stone came so near injuring you," he stammered, rubbing his hands together nervously. Pierre

merely glanced at him, and pointed to the statue which had deflected the course of the stone. "St. Peter, consequently," he said, "has no nose. I think, however, that he smells something." The workman looked sheepish, but was careful not to betray his guilt feeling. "Finish whatever you are doing up there today," continued Pierre. "Tomorrow you will work on the ground. Your feet are too valuable to be risked in the air. And besides," he concluded, turning away, "we cannot have our Saints maimed."

Christophe retired in confusion, and worked diligently for an hour or two. He soon recovered from the shock of the incident, however, and the old rancor surged back with redoubled force because it had been foiled. Pierre must have suspected the truth about that stone, he mused. It seemed that he was keeping Christophe at work only because he wanted to vex him. As he was reflecting thus, he climbed down from the tower and, not looking where he was going, walked full into one of the workmen, grunted, and went on without a word of apology. The workman looked surprised, then gazed after the retreating figure and broke into a laugh. "Jean," he said to his comrade, "yonder Christophe is not a Christian man. He refuses to turn the other cheek." Both men laughed heartily, with their arms akimbo. But Christophe went on, and did not continue his work. And those who saw him leave wondered and were sad. For no workman had ever left the building of the cathedral before.

Looking neither to right nor to left, Christophe strode on until he came to the river. There he sat down on the bank. It was very quiet, and the thrushes were calling freshly. He did not know what to do. For a long time he sat nursing his grudge. Then the peace and beauty of the scene sank into him, and he grew calm, musing on the pleasant Spring panorama. He was admiring a graceful willow nearby when, all at once, for no reason at all it seemed, a leaf detached itself from one of its branches and floated away on the current.

For the man of the Ages of Faith everything was a symbol. Wherever he looked in nature he found types and parables of his religion and of his own soul. Christophe, a man of his age, when he saw the willow leaf fall, was struck with a sudden qualm. "The leaf is me," he said. "I have dropped away like that leaf from my duty. I am losing my soul." And he resolved to go back to his work, his heart at peace and wrath gone from his breast.

As he walked back through the streets of the town, familiar objects struck him with a new charm. The houses thrust out their quaint gables in a friendly way. The trees seemed more brightly green. The very cobble-stones under his feet rounded their surfaces caressingly. Never had things seemed so agreeable. Something had occurred, he felt with spiritual certitude, to change his life.

When he approached the cathedral purlieus, he saw a large crowd gathered there and heard the wailing of women. He rushed into the midst of the people. "What is the

matter here?" he cried. But they only looked askance at him. Then he saw a battered and bloody mass on the ground.

The bishop laid a nerveless hand on his shoulder. "Christophe," he said solemnly, "Pierre is dead. When you left your work, he went up to the tower to finish it. He must have slipped on a loose stone. He fell down and is dead."

From that day on, no one in the town saw Christophe again. Some said that he became a friar, who wandered far and wide preaching and ministering to the poor. And there were even a few who called him a saint.

But the building of the cathedral continued.

George Lippard:
Gothicism and Social Consciousness in the Early American Novel

● Lionel Wyld

THERE can be little doubt that George Lippard (1820-1854) was one of the important precursors in the development of the sociological novel in America. A voluminous writer, he travelled, at breakneck pace, in directions in which more enduring novelists after him set their literary compasses.

Lippard lived and wrote as an enigmatic figure in an enigmatic era. Although few literary historians touch upon him,[1] the Gothic romances he produced during the 1840's sold by the thousands, one novel alone (*The Quaker City*, his celebrated exposé of Philadelphia) running into twenty-seven editions within five years, not including numerous reprintings abroad. But for all the tremendous contemporary popularity which seems to have surrounded the man's trenchant pen, none of the works have survived except as miscellany here and there in university archives or in the libraries of the curious.

Lippard took the Gothicism of Charles Brockden Brown and fused it with his own peculiar brand of sensational melodrama into vivid, if kaleidoscopic, romances; he glorified and restyled many of the heroes of the Revolution, doing such a swashbuckling, romantic job of it that certain of his "legends" have become an inseparable part of Revolutionary lore. One account indicates that as late as 1913, historians were searching for the grave of a Northumberland Percy (of Shakespearean renown) whom Lippard introduced into the Battle of Brandywine. And his story of the "breathless throng" who heard the ringing of the State House bell has never been obscured by the fact, so unromantic by comparison, that it was a small, tame gathering who listened to John Nixon's official noonday proclamation of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia on July 8, 1776.

The early works—Lippard's first published story, "Phillippe de Agramont," appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, July 9, 1842—ran the gamut from the Gothic romance through legendizing the American Revolution to the satirical and sensational melodrama. Thoroughly imbued with the Gothicism of Charles Brockden Brown, Lippard created *The Ladye Annabel*, which, it has been hinted, could have suggested the name "Annabel Lee" to his contemporary Poe, who read the manuscript.[2] The novel is

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[1] The only adequate (and most recent) treatment of Lippard's place in American letters is in Alexander Cowie, *The Rise of the American Novel* (New York, 1948), 319-326.

[2] Joseph Jackson, "George Lippard: Misunderstood Man of Letters," *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, LIX (1935), 381.

pure Gothic; Lippard himself referred to it as a "Romance, illustrative of the Feudal Age."[3] In *Herbert Tracy*, first serialized in the *Post*, Lippard turned to the American Revolution as the source of inspiration. He lectured and wrote much on Revolutionary themes during the course of several years and followed his first War chronicle with *The Battle-day of Germantown* and *Blanche of Brandywine*, both historical romances.

But, more importantly, George Lippard's literary profile contained another facet: the Gothic romance writer and Revolutionary chronicler was also a crusader whose satire varied from the babblings of a sophomore rebel to the keen intensity of a Jonathan Swift. And one book in particular pushed the author's name into the ranks of the bestseller lists.

Seizing upon the excitement occasioned by the murder trial of a young Philadelphian who had vindicated his sister's honor by slaying her libertine seducer, Lippard came out with *The Monks of Monk Hall*. In it, Lippard gave free-rein to all the contempt he felt for the hypocrisy of the day. The novel appeared first as a serial, beginning in the fall of 1844; but by 1847 the public demand had resulted in no less than twenty editions of the book. An attempt to produce a dramatized version at Philadelphia's Chestnut Street Theatre, on November 11, 1844, met with such a storm of indignation (as well as vociferous praise) that Lippard acquiesced to an official request to withdraw the play. The serialized installments of *The Quaker City*, as the book became popularly known, were each provided with semi- or sub-climaxes, typical of picaresque Gothic; and the melodrama caught his characters by turns in incidents and situations that would have delighted Pearl White and her scenario writers had they chosen to adapt Lippard for their rollicking adventures in a later era. *The Quaker City* remains of interest not only because it probably gave the name to Philadelphia which that city has ever since retained[4] but also because it represents, albeit a framework of sensational sophistry, the penetrating views of an artist of the forties on the moral decay he saw about him in a great city. The novel helps in understanding the history of the early novel and of the later mystery-thrillers and psychological social studies for which it—and much of the later Lippard—was precursive.

What, precisely, seems to have been the appeal of *The Quaker City*? It is complex, disjointed, bitterly satirical: the public ate it up. Perhaps the reason lay in its prophetic opening, its air of mystery; perhaps in its orientation in fact. Certainly the sensation seeker could enjoy Dora, the "embodied Tempest of voluptuous loveliness," and the whole series of attempted seductions. And certainly, too, descriptive quality the author did not lack—as evidenced by this portrait of the hideous and deformed porter of Monk-Hall:

> It requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine that his Satanic majesty, once on a

[3] *Saturday Courier* (Philadelphia, 15 Jan., 1848), 1.

[4] See "Naming Quaker City," *Public Ledger* (Philadelphia, Aug. 14, 1932).

> time, in a merry mood, created a huge insect, in order to test his inventive powers . . . a strange thickset specimen of flesh and blood, with a short body, marked by immensely broad shoulders, long arms and thin distorted legs. The head of the creature was ludicrously large in proportion to the body. Long masses of stiff black hair fell tangled and matted over a forehead, protuberant to deformity. A flat nose with wide nostrils . . . an immense mouth whose heavy lips disclosed two long rows of bristling teeth, a pointed chin, blackened by a heavy beard, and massive eyebrows . . . all furnished the details of a countenance, not exactly calculated to inspire the most pleasant feelings in the world.[5]

But moral persuasion crept in, as Lippard penned the mysterious and decried the decadence. The sinning were more to be pitied than chastised.

> And in this great city, there are thousands upon thousands hidden in / the nooks and dens of vice, who, like Devil-Bug of Monk-Hall, have never heard that there is a Bible, a Savior, or a God! True, when dragged before the bar of Justice (as by a lively stretch of fancy the mockery is called) for the commission of crimes, to which the very evils of this most Christian community had driven them, hungry and starving as they were, these wretches have seen that Bible lifted up in Court, heard that Savior's name lipped over by some official, anxious for his dinner, or hear the name of that God profaned by some witness, greedy to sell his soul for the price of a hat![6]

The author's satire is piercing, and his allegations not unfounded. Lippard, however, never stopped to document his criticism of the city; but in addition to the threats hurled at the author in a vain attempt to put down the work, and the demonstrations which banned it as theatre, evidence is easily available to substantiate other background factors. The mobbing in halls and sacking of public buildings, including the churches, is a matter of historical record;[7] anti-slavery riots generally disturbed the peace throughout the late thirties and forties, and a particularly uncontrolled period of violence manifested itself in Philadelphia in the form of anti-Catholic riots about 1844. Lippard, it may be presumed, also witnessed the destruction of Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia, May 17, 1838. From then to the publication of *The Quaker City* was but some six years, during which abolition sentiment with its consequent propensity for disturbance was increasing.

The intense reception accorded *The Quaker City* in this country and abroad is manifested by the author's claim that the novel had been "more attacked and more read than any other work of American fiction" published during the preceding ten years.[8] All Lippard's writings enjoyed a more than normal vogue during the times, and this novel—whatever the reasons for its success—reached its twenty-seventh American edition within five years after its initial appearance. The foreign market applauded it, the English pirated editions running into six or more and the German translators putting it on the continental market as one of their own. Other

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[5] *The Quaker City* (Philadelphia, 1847), 44.

[6] *Ibid.*, 189-190.

[7] See, *e.g.*, Henry Wilson, *History of the Slave Power in America* (Boston, 1872), I, 297. Wilson's account, of both the Pennsylvania Hall incident and the sacking of Bethel Church, is an interesting parallel to Lippard's fiction.

[8] Preface to the twenty-seventh American edition (Philadelphia, 1849, 2). Quoted in Cowie, *op. cit.*, 319.

novels followed *The Quaker City*, all vivid and gaudy, in the same sensational, romantic, Gothic pattern. With an increasing social consciousness, the author produced further vitriolic arraignments (if not astute analyses) of social injustice, first with a façade of Philadelphia, later of New York.

Behind Lippard's literary social probing stood a deep-rooted moral conviction regarding society's responsibilities. Lippard was a man for whom there could be no middle ground: he was sensitive to injustice and the incongruities between idealism (and formal religion), on the one hand, and practical reform on the other. The expression in *Paul Ardenheim* (1848) of "an unyielding hope in *Man*, a childlike faith in God,"[9] epitomized the author's religious sentiment; and although nonsectarian with a vengeance, he did seem to possess a personal religiousness that became a driving force in his life. *Paul Ardenheim*, subtitled "The Monk of Wissahikon," depicts much of Lippard: the young Paul is the young author, mastering the sonorous, parallel structure and deeply beautiful language of the Scriptures:

> For from that boldly printed Hebrew volume the Lord God of Heaven and Earth talked to him, the unknown boy of Wissahikon, and talked in the language of the Other World. The Hebrew did not seem to him the language of men, but the awful and mysterious tongue of angels. Its syllables of music rolled full and deep into his soul, as though a spirit stood by him, while he read, pronouncing the words, whose meaning penetrated his brain.[10]

Acutely aware of the degenerate and decadent aspects of his era, he constantly concerned himself with speaking out for social justice and with improving the lot of his fellow men.

Lippard's kindness to Edgar Allan Poe is perhaps the only generally-known incident of his life. In 1849, having spent a harrowing night in Philadelphia's Moyamensing Prison charged with drunkenness, the poet—ill, hungry, and penniless—was taken home by Lippard, who then proceeded to collect for the distressed artist sufficient funds to pay his fare to Baltimore. After Poe's death Lippard undertook, in his weekly (also named "The Quaker City") to defend Poe against attack.

On another occasion Lippard spoke in defense of Robert Morris, whose unselfishness in supplying the Continental Army with money during the darkest days of the Revolution was rewarded by an imprisonment for debt. Even more enthusiastically Lippard presented the real greatness of the man who first spoke of the "independence of the United States of America." His lecture on Thomas Paine, delivered before the Philadelphia City Institute, January 25, 1852, became a thoroughly vivid piece of literature. In it, Lippard does not whitewash Paine, nor does he apologize for those blemishes which critics have long disparaged. He does, however, take issue with the unfortunate disrepute into which the nation had let one of

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[9] *Paul Ardenheim* (Philadelphia, 1848), I, title-page.

[10] *Ibid.* (Philadelphia, 1876), 181. Wissahickon, a stream tributary to the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia, inspired much of Lippard's writing. He always spelled it "Wissahikon."

its great patriots fall. The opening passages of the discourse are moving, and, more general than particular in their sentiment, indicate the bent of Lippard's mind on such matters:

> I have loved the heroic all my life, and hope I shall till I die. All my days have I been a hero worshipper; that is, a worshipper of the greatness which is great in spite of circumstances. And I never wish to lose my faith in heroes or in the heroic.
>
> Yet let me make a frank confession. I have been led astray. I have looked upon effigies and reverenced old clothes stuffed with straw, as I should have reverenced a living man, or been dazzled by the glare and shout which announces the approach of a sham and cheat in the guise of a hero. I have bowed down to uniforms and done reverence to epaulettes. I have, like many others, mistaken the king of a circus melodrama for the real king. I am not alone in this. Gilt and paint and spangles have for ages commanded reverence, while men made in an image of God have died in the ditch.[11]

During his brief but prolific lifetime, Lippard contributed widely to newspapers and quarterlies, much of which material, publishers later marketed in book form with considerable success. While a reporter for *The Daily Spirit of the Times*, he wrote extensive columns describing the city of Philadelphia and its residents, his thinly-veiled satire appearing under various nom de plumes.[12] A series of legends of the Revolution, *Washington and his Generals*, pronounced him the *instigateur* of a new field of literary endeavor, as many writers sought to copy Lippard or follow his example. Delivered in part as lectures before the Philadelphia William Wirt Institute, the "Legends" had wide appeal, and publication followed both in the press (*Saturday Courier*) and in book form. He later legendized the Mexican campaign of 1848—much as he had the Washington saga—and supported Taylor's candidacy for president. He eulogized his idol, Brown, for the short-lived *Nineteenth Century* magazine and added other novels. One of them, *'Bel of Prairie Eden*, about 1870, helped put his name in dime-novel circles by becoming No. 58 of "DeWitt's 10c romances."[13] A Philadelphia publishing house reprinted many of the novels in 1864, beginning with *Blanche*. Eventually, the firm purchased the plates for all the major works and published a uniform edition, advertising a "complete" list of twelve titles, in 1876.

George Lippard believed firmly that a national literature must have a social orientation and assume a social responsibility in order to be valid. In the *White Banner* he summed up this view, stating that "a literature which does not work practically, for the advancement of social reform, or which is too dignified or too good to picture the wrongs of the great mass

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[11] James B. Elliott, ed. *Thomas Paine: Author-Soldier of the Revolution* (Philadelphia, 1894), 15.

[12] Lippard's contributions to the *Times* included "Toney Blink," "Breadcrust," and "Our Talisman" articles, all generally satirical observations on Philadelphia society. He reported the first visit of Charles Dickens to the city.

[13] Many of Lippard's novels found their way into this medium. See W. C. Miller, *Dime Novel Authors*, 1860-1900 (Grafton, Mass., 1933). A list has also been supplied the present writer by Ralph F. Cummings, editor-publisher of *Dime-Novel Round-Up*.

of humanity is just good for nothing at all."[14] Without this social purpose, the "great Idea" behind it, it becomes "something more ridiculous than the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted." Any criticism of his work must therefore be made with this in mind and begin with a criticism of the fundamental premises upon which Lippard erected an art. He wrote more to assuage his anxieties over the injustice he saw in society than to please the advocates of any particular fashion in the contemporary field of belles-lettres. Lippard had confidence in the validity of his writing, as he interpreted that validity. In an autobiographic account published in the *Saturday Courier*, January 15, 1848, he said in part:

> I am willing to be judged by these works; to stand or fall with them. And when the reader reflects that they have been produced by a young man who had everything to contend with—very few friends in the great city, and very many prejudiced opponents —he will learn to look with proper discrimination upon their pages, and forget that which appears harsh and unrelenting, in sympathy with those passages that speak with greater clearness to the heart and judgment.

Lippard's social criticism and analysis places him at the beginning of a long line which has its culmination in the modern studies of Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, and others who have used the novel as a vehicle for sociological expression. It is for this that George Lippard commands attention in the field of American civilization. We are dealing primarily, in the case of Lippard, with a crusader of literary talent rather than with an imaginative literary genius, and the literary value of his efforts as art, per se, is, in retrospect, of little actual significance: they are important in that they are symptomatic of important currents in our literature and of a rising social consciousness in mid-century America.

By present standards of criticism and taste, the novels and stories are, on the whole, extremely tedious: the characters are puppets, danced to and fro by someone who controls the strings to make sure all will come out well; and the action, like the action of puppets, is kaleidoscopic. The novel in America was still in its infancy as an art form, and awkwardness, of form particularly, characterized it. To imply, however, that "the scoundrel . . . vanquished by Female Virtue and the strong right arm of coincidence" was the whole contribution of Lippard, and to state that the "meat of his success" was "the vices and abuses of a great city, hidden trap doors and murderous hirelings, voluptuousness and chastity, seduction and revenge,"[15] is rather illiberal, for it gives an impression of the author which his life contradicted. The mid-nineteenth century was, after all, as historian Arthur C. Cole has observed, an era in which "the average American craved hair-raising thrills . . . tales of city wickedness and thwarted attempts of side-whiskered villains of sartorial perfection to seduce innocent maidens."[16] Lippard's literature doubtless helped satisfy that craving, but it was something more than hollow sensationalism and dime-novel pueril-

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[14] *The White Banner*, I, 148.

[15] E. Douglas Branch, *The Sentimental Years*, 1836-1860 (New York, 1934), 129.

[16] Arthur C. Cole, *The Irrepressible Conflict* (New York, 1947), 224.

ity. Lippard managed to fit into the traditional, popular framework of the sensational Gothic a moral and social purpose: not too many readers saw it perhaps, but, then, most readers fail to see themselves as objects for social satire. George Lippard brought their vices and wrongs to them on their own level, and thus satisfied both his own moral sincerity and his energetic creative impulse.

In an address before the Philadelphia Philobiblon Club in 1935, Joseph Jackson called Lippard "probably the most heroic figure in American literature." Certainly, as a writer and reformer who flashed comet-like across the scenes of mid-nineteenth century literary America, leaving a glowing trail of sensational but penetrating literature, widely read by his contemporaries, he is of passing importance in any consideration of the development of American letters in those "growing pains" days. The historian Carl Russell Fish saw the period as chiefly concerned with the rise of the common man. George Lippard did not possess the transcendent quality of genius necessary to give permanent value to his work as art, but he did have a talent, ambition, and social consciousness which enabled him to achieve a triumph of mediocrity representative of the common man's struggle in the 1840's.

Marginal

Found in a copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions*

● **Sister M. Maura, S.S.N.D.**

She and I sinned
on the beach at night.
Dawn is not always welcome,
not always light.

At dawn I remembered, Bishop,
the pear tree and you,
callous stench of fruit,
dredgings of rue.

Now when I look upon her,
already desires dull
knowing no more white blossoming,
only cull.

The Letters

● Leslie Garrett

IT HAD all started innocently enough. An advertisement in the Personal section of *The Literary Times* told of a young author of twenty-three, cultured and of good family, who desired correspondence with persons of similar tastes. Miss Perry had read the advertisement during lunch in the Reference Department of the public library, where she worked, and by six o'clock that evening her reply was in the mail.

What had prompted this action Miss Perry could not have said at the time. In all of her twenty-five years she had never written to a man before, unless one may consider her brother, who had been killed eight months after the war had begun; or Peter, a young man whom she had attended the University with and with whom she had gone occasionally to concerts and lectures; who had gone out West and was now the editor of a small California newspaper, and who was writing a book on semantics. But she had not heard from Peter for nearly a year, and their gentle little arguments about Renoir and Brahms and Browning were now only tenderly remembered.

That she should write to this stranger, then, was somewhat inconceivable to Miss Perry, and that evening she had gone home regretting the impetuous action.

Her apartment was just off Amsterdam Avenue near Ninety-Sixth Street. It consisted of a combination bedroom-and-livingroom and a kitchenette. It was furnished modestly but in good taste. There were small Japanese prints on two walls and a Dresden figure of a nymph rising up out of water upon the mantel. A copy of the Bible and Elizabeth Barrett's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* were placed conspicuously beside the bed upon a night table, and in the corner there was a phonograph and a pile of records —Strauss, Victor Herbert, Mendelssohn, and Schubert. It was Miss Perry's practice to play one record each evening before going to bed.

This evening, however, she did not play the records at all. She had a lamb chop, baked potato, and asparagus for dinner, washed and dried the dishes and went out instead to walk in the park. She had resolved to forget completely her hasty action, and when she went to bed, it was with a feeling of extreme peace.

One week later the reply arrived. The young man's name was Sidney Baker, and he was the author of several short stories that had appeared in the more obscure literary magazines. The letter was postmarked Butte, Montana, and it told that the author had just completed a novel that was now in the hands of a New York publisher. It was a very short letter, and Miss Perry read it

once before dinner and then put it into her desk, and after dinner she went to a movie.

But she did not enjoy the movie. Miss Perry could not understand this, because it was a love picture with Clark Gable and Lana Turner, and she was very fond of love pictures and her favorite actor was Clark Gable.

After the movie Miss Perry went again to the park and sat watching the pigeons and the shadowy figures of lovers upon benches. From where she sat, she could see the reservoir, white patches of moonlight, like wingless birds, resting upon water; and beyond, the lighted city and the white eyes of stars. A wind grew out of the night, brushing across the face of the park and shaking the limbs of trees: robins shrieked upward from out of the leafy nests, and the trees shivered, squatting in darkness like drunken old men. That night Miss Perry went back to the apartment and read and listened to Victor Herbert until it was very late, and at last sat down and wrote a very long letter to the young man in Montana.

The next letter Miss Perry received was somewhat less formal in tone. He told her this time of his life in Montana: of the hunting and fishing and the job he had once had in a laundry that he had left in order to write his book. He wrote a great deal about art and literature, and it was here that Miss Perry was unpleasantly aroused. She considered his tastes crude—Lawrence, Anderson, Sartre, Hemingway—and not the least bit genteel. In these matters she preferred Peter, who had at least less violent preferences in literature.

Nevertheless, Miss Perry replied again; but this time not immediately. She considered it proper to wait several days before answering, and did so. When his reply finally came, she found that his letter was now signed "Affectionately," and not "Sincerely," as before; and somehow this annoyed her, and she put the letter into the drawer of her desk and did not answer it for two weeks.

At the end of the two weeks, though, Miss Perry's answer was somewhat less restrained in tone than before. For the first time in their correspondence, she offered details of her history without being asked. She told of her home in Minnesota, of her father, who had died, and her two sisters, whom she had not seen in years. She told of how she had come originally to New York to study writing on a scholarship at N.Y.U.; of her position at the library that she liked, "because it keeps me around books," and she admitted to a special preference for the poetry of Shelley and Emily Dickinson. She signed the letter, "Affectionately," mailing it in the early morning, after which she went back to the apartment and wrote three pages on a novel she had started a year before. The novel was to be very much like *Wuthering Heights*, and this was the most she had done on it for months. When she finally went to bed, she slept more soundly than she had for many nights.

The next day Miss Perry received a package in the mail. She could

see by the handwriting that it was from him, and when she opened it she saw that it was the latest copy of *The Northwestern Review*. On the contents page he had marked the place where one of his own stories was listed, and Miss Perry smiled as she turned to it. Across the top of the page he had inscribed, "With Sincere Affection, Sidney Baker."

The story was entitled "A Meeting." It told of two children who met one day in the woods and started innocently playing. They were a girl and a boy and there was a sort of child-love implied. When it became dark, they stumbled along the path toward home, when they came upon two lovers behind some bushes near the bank of a stream. As they watched, there came upon them a terrible awareness, and when they left the woods, the author implied, they had left behind them some part of their childhood.

Miss Perry did not fail to see the beauty in this, but somehow she was repelled by it. She thought about the story for a long time and finally decided that the author had ignored beauty in favor of ugliness. What beauty there was, she thought, had been perverted. When she wrote to him that night, she tried to make him understand this, but somehow she could not. She tried several times to write it, but whatever she said seemed false; it was as if what she had attempted to say was not what she had wanted to say at all, and for some reason this annoyed her, and she said only that she "liked the story" and thanked him for remembering her.

The next two letters Miss Perry received were very personal. In them the young man confided to her his loneliness and his dreams, and told her how much it meant to him to be able to tell someone of those things. She understood this, and in her reply she said that she too had known loneliness and that sometimes she felt that she was "just one lone voice crying into the wilderness." She signed the letter "With sincere affection" and hurried immediately down to the corner to mail it.

It was just four months after the correspondence had begun that Miss Perry received the final letter. It was a very exuberant letter, in which he told her that his book had been accepted for publication and that as soon as he received his advance, he would be coming to New York. He said that he was very happy and that he would like very much to see her, and he would probably arrive within the week.

Naturally, this information came as a surprise to Miss Perry. It had never occurred to her that some day they would meet, and for a moment she was angry—bitterly angry. Just why she was angry, Miss Perry could not say. She felt, vaguely, that this was an intrusion, but that was not all of it.

She sat for quite some time by the window. The letter was in her lap, and she was running her long, thin fingers along the arm of the chair. It was dark now, and she could see out over the tops of some buildings where the light lingered, shivering, and where the smoke, blue-white and ghostly against the sky, twisted

up from out of a chimney. It was a very dismal sight.

That night Miss Perry got drunk for the first time in her life. She went down into the street to where a group of young Italians and Puerto Ricans were lounging against the walls. She knew as she passed them that they were watching her with insolent eyes, but she pretended not to notice them. She went down Ninety-Sixth Street to Broadway and into a liquor store, where she bought a bottle of blackberry wine. Then she went back to the apartment, sat down again by the window, and started to get drunk.

But she was not very good at it, and it did not work out at all the way she had planned it. Before she had finished the bottle, she was sick, and she went into the bathroom and threw up into the toilet. Then she came back into the bedroom and fell down, fully clothed, upon the bed. The next thing she remembered was staring up at the naked light bulb that was shining down upon her from the ceiling. In her drunkenness she imagined it the sun, and she was trying to shrink away from it. . . .

The next few days were very bad days for Miss Perry. Mrs. Tolliver, her supervisor at the library, asked if she was sick, and Miss Perry answered, "No," but she did not move from her desk for a long time after that. At lunch, she went out into the park and sat watching the children, and the squirrels, and one lone pigeon walking drunkenly around the trunk of a tree. When she returned to the library, she had left her lunch, uneaten, upon the bench.

That evening Miss Perry did not go home immediately from work. She ate at a Horn & Hardart on Fifth Avenue and then went to a movie. When she got out of the movie, it was not yet eight o'clock and she did not want to go back to the apartment; so she went to another movie, a double feature this time. She bought a bag of popcorn and a large Hershey bar without almonds and sat in the back, away from the people. It wasn't until later that she realized that she had already seen one of the movies, but she stayed through it anyway, because it was dark.

The following evening a telegram arrived. It was from Sidney Baker and it said, "*Arrive 12:30 Penn Station Saturday. Love. Sidney.*"

She went to the telephone and called Mrs. Tolliver. "I'd like to have next week off," she told her.

"Are you sick?"

"Yes," Miss Perry said. "I'm sick. Is it all right?"

"Of course," Mrs. Tolliver said. "Go to bed."

"I'll try to be in by next Monday."

"All right," Mrs. Tolliver said. "Take care of yourself."

"Yes. Good-bye."

When she had finished the call, Miss Perry took sixty dollars from out of the coffee tin that she kept hidden in the back of her closet. Then she packed a suitcase, went to the bus station, and took the first bus out.

The bus was going to Philadelphia, but Miss Perry got off in Newark and took a room across from the bus station. It was a little room, dirty and dismal, and the white lip

of a sink jutted out at her from behind the door; but she did not mind this. When she had unpacked, she went down into the street again and bought a box of fig bars and a quart of orange juice. Then she went into a drug store and bought two movie magazines (the ones with pictures of Clark Gable in them) and a copy of *The Atlantic* and went back to the room.

She ate the fig bars and drank part of the orange juice and read the magazines. At nine o'clock she turned out the light and got into bed. She pulled the covers over her head and got down into the bed. She knew that she would not be able to sleep, so she started listening to the sound of water dripping into the basin and counting the number of drops that fell. As she counted, they started to get louder, and louder, and by the time she had reached 100, they sounded like giant bombs bursting inside of her.

Florida Street

Joseph Engel

In the town of beaches, close on the coast,
The sun shines loud over the palms
Erect by the borders of flowers
Tropic in the June-glare.
It flashes the wave of river,
The summerfat companion,
And haloes the watertower,
Lord across the bank,
The crown held in the sky
By four frail pylons.
Over the town the heat broods Genesis white,
The people wander sallow in the streets
Except the young, blooming in aridity.
Under the palm, in the thicket,
There is coolness for slain weather
Resurrecting the man to come
Past the noise of the busy triphammer
Murdering air in heavy fever
While through the haughty clouds
All the bells of heaven peal forth
The time of summer.

A Final View

● Richard P. Coulson

In the November, 1955, and the January, 1956, issues of FOUR QUARTERS, fourteen authors, teachers, and critics offered their views on the question: "Why do not the Catholic colleges and universities in the United States produce an adequate supply of Catholic writers?"

The following three representative excerpts from the letters of Malcolm Cowley, Evelyn Waugh, and Riley Hughes now conclude FOUR QUARTERS' formal discussion of this topic, which was initiated in the June, 1955, issue.

To all those many writers who contributed their views, and particularly to those who graciously consented to the publication of their opinions, I express sincere appreciation and gratitude.

● *Malcolm Cowley*

The wide growth of Catholic colleges and universities is a comparatively new development in this country—notwithstanding the fact that some of the universities, like Georgetown, are very old institutions. Thirty years ago, when many of your thousand Catholic writers were in college, the student body at all Catholic institutions of higher learning was small compared with what it is today, and there was only about one chance in twenty (as borne out by your figures) that the apprentice writers would have been attending such institutions.

Then too, many of the Catholic colleges still haven't had time to develop traditions or assemble the sort of faculty they would like to have. Young writers are attracted by traditions; they go where Scott Fitzgerald went or where T. S. Eliot went; even today I would hazard the guess that there are more young Catholic writers of promise at Harvard than there are at any Catholic institution.

All this doesn't mean that the situation won't change. Speaking as a non-Catholic layman, I would say that the more classical training given at some—unfortunately not all—Catholic institutions should produce better writers, or writers with a better command of the English language, than the training given at nonsectarian colleges.

● *Evelyn Waugh*

I have only a superficial knowledge of your country. For what my opinion is worth—

I do not think your Catholic colleges are to blame for the paucity of writers. They do their best with the material sent them. It takes two or three generations of education to produce a man of culture.

● *Riley Hughes*

I have read with interest, and much agreement, the symposium statements and the supplementary comments previously published. But much as I agree with those who point out that the "climate," for a number of reasons, has not been favorable to a flowering of Catholic writers in this country, I would not be willing to conclude that all is lost or that nothing can be done. I have little sympathy with those who would merely stand by and deplore the drought; my instinctive reaction is to be on the side of the rainmakers.

That it would be absurd to call for a "Catholic revival" in this country, I concur. There is precious little to revive; what passes for the Catholic writing of a generation ago had, most of it, best be permitted to remain forgotten. But it is possible, I submit, to make a start, to begin at the very beginning. If I may paraphrase myself, in my introduction to *All Manner of Men*, a collection of short stories published in American Catholic magazines in the 1950's, most of them by new writers, I call for two things to be done. First, the abandonment by our editors of the O. Henry formula story and the admission to the pages of already established magazines of "experimental" fiction. Second, the development of a chain of Catholic "little magazines," through the opening of campus magazines to outside contributors (as Four Quarters has done with such distinguished success) and the establishment of new quarterlies. As I see it, the bottleneck is editorial; a cordial, intelligent, painstaking demand will, I think, bring about a supply that will surprise and delight us all.

Once More, Arsène Lupin

● **Charles Edward Eaton**

I dreamed while waking of *la ville verte,*
Gates and meadows blending in the heart.
Yes, I dreamed, prevenient, of that green city,
But yet I felt no more than one alert
And trembling stem. Who was I to start
Alone a garden where the gross light had no pity.

Pity? When ever had I shown it for a flower?
Let the instinct of the garden tremble in the builder's hand—
Love comes that way, trembling from the root,
And I have loved the blossom with all my human power:
There was no loss through pity in command,
I garnered like a pirate every gem of floral loot.

But always dreaming with my country hoard
Of streams that thump like veins beneath the city street,
I thought this love, I thought it more and more.
I am too prodigal, I never could afford
To live too sweetly and too long, like a robber in retreat—
I knew they left the city open like a door

For my return, the furtive flower-lover,
Past midnight, through the hush or iridescent tint,
Back to the scene of crime, the thief without his glove,
Arsène Lupin and his fresh gardenia, given over!
O city, white dreamer among green to be, what glint
Of time's revolver kills this, oh so criminal, love?

"H'wo Peepow"

• **Jonella Main**

AT EXACTLY five o'clock they started coming in. It was always the same—a quiet yet frenzied and determined rush. Immediately they fanned out, filling the first rows, those in the center and in the back, until only to each side was there a fringe of empty seats. After that, the ushers came down the aisles followed by the last fortunate few, who, however, now being placed as they were at the end of this row and that, found they couldn't sit together, although they had most certainly been planning on it, and invariably, timidly waved and shrugged and made little faces of resignation at each other before settling down. Then, as soon as every place was taken, the rear doors noiselessly swung shut. And the people, expectant, their conversations restrained to a muted but consistent hum, sat there, waiting.

It was, as usual, only 5:10. . . .

And, as usual, the announcer, Martin G. Eames, thin, middle-aged, and already quite gray, stood alone at one side of the stage, the script in his hand. Behind him was a great and colorful, heavy cardboard and metal construction. It was over seven and a half feet tall and nearly four and a half feet wide —a gigantic reproduction of a can of B.W.B.'s LIKWID GLU. Its enormous size quite dwarfed Martin G. Eames. But he knew, for a certainty, that the people were watching him. They always did. And every now and again he glanced casually at them, seeing the usual row after row of slightly moving faces and hats and colors. . . . But most of the time, although he knew it by heart, he looked at the script—or thought about how much he disliked being precisely where he was. It was so unnecessary. And besides, he knew—not that it made any difference at all to *him*—that his head got in the way of the audience's view of the magnificent foot high letters on the cardboard can . . . making it for example, one head —his own—IKWID GLU, or, if he moved, perhaps it would read LIKW—his head—GLU, or still again, LIKWID G—his head—U. He had pointed out this discrepancy. But Stanley insisted. Stanley always said,

"Look, there's gotta be *somebody* out there!"

Martin G. Eames despised that can. He was, as he often said, going to quit this lousy job. Why should he stand out there? Him, the announcer. One guy. Alone on an empty stage. It was stupid. It would be different if he were supposed to entertain or supervise or something. But all he was supposed to do was stand there. Maybe they wanted him to make funny faces at the funny people. Maybe they—

It was 5:15½. . . . Well, the boys in the band would be coming out, as usual, in a minute or so . . .

not all together, of course, but singly or by straggling twos and threes; wandering in nonchalantly, with the careful, fixed expressions that meant that this was all just routine and that they most certainly weren't aware of the audience. Their efforts, however, were never at all successful. Whatever they did was exaggerated. Self-conscious, yet. And why not? With nothing really to do and all those eyes watching every move. Why didn't Stanley have the curtain lowered to begin with, and then raised to a blast of music just before the show went on. . . . After all, there was such a thing as *showmanship*. . . .

Martin G. Eames pulled out a large white handkerchief and blew his nose. The audience watched him.

5:17.

Then, he felt the audience's gaze shift—as two of the boys came on stage, Hank and Stuart. Talking quietly, earnestly. Too earnestly. Hank's round, usually smiling face smoothed out into a blank of feigned interest—Stuart immediately busying himself with his portfolio of music while they continued talking. . . . Now, others of the men were coming in.

And suddenly, Stanley, shoulders hunched, came from the left wing, quickly crossed the stage, and disappeared in the right wing.

It was 5:21. Martin G. Eames looked at his script again. He skipped over the opening paragraph and looked at the verse.

"Handy, handy,
Just for you,
It's dandy, dandy
LIKWID GLU."

"Eames?" It was a loud whisper from the wings. Stanley.

Martin G. Eames turned, nodded his head. He looked at his watch. 5:24. He glanced at the men in the band. They were ready. 5:24½.

Martin G. Eames cleared his throat and straightened his tie. Then, he smiled brilliantly, and with a lunge and a skip, with quick boyish steps, he dashed to the microphone.

Like a wooden Indian suddenly coming to life, he thought sourly. As still smiling happily he gaily shouted,

"Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome one and all to the LIKWID GLU SHOW!" And going on quickly, his voice now lowered, most friendly and confidential, almost wheedling,

"We're awfully glad you took time out to be with us, friends. Awfully glad!"—as he thought of how tickets were week after week doled out, not to the general public who wrote in letters requesting them, but mostly to the endless special and comparatively favored few who for one reason or another knew somebody who knew somebody who knew somebody. . . . When the show started on television, as was soon planned, the private demand for tickets would be even more concentrated, more insisted upon. "This is YOUR show," he continued, "and we're here to make you HAPPY! Yes sir, ladies and gentlemen, we want you to just sit back and relax and laugh and be HAPPY!"

There were a few giggles.

"Why, thank you!" said Martin G. Eames graciously. Then, with a sudden mock anxiety, "Is that the *best* you can do?"

There were several more giggles.

Martin G. Eames looked concerned. He scratched his head. And then *he* giggled. The audience giggled back.

Martin G. Eames waited. He shrugged, and grinned knowingly. He winked. And said, "Well—we've got just the remedy for that!" His voice became louder and higher. "Ladies and gentlemen—here comes the man we've all been waiting for, the one and only, that happy-go-lucky, hilarious, out of this world comedian—your master of ceremonies, the Laff King himself, your own Boodie Richardson!" As the trumpets sounded and the drums pounded, Martin G. Eames was clapping furiously. The audience, which had ooh-ed and half shrieked at the announcement, was clapping furiously too. And nothing happened. The trumpets finally dwindled to a ragged piping. The drums stopped. The applause faded. The audience murmured.

"Where's Boodie?" said Martin G. Eames, puzzled and as if to himself. He looked at the audience. "Boodie?" he said, "are you out there?" Shading his eyes with his hand. "Boodie?"

"Where's Boodie?" the boys in the band started shouting, twisting and turning and looking under their chairs. "Boodie?"

"Boodie!" called Martin G. Eames, looking off to the right wing.

" . . . here yam," said a shrill voice.

And there he was—two eyes, scarcely visible as they peered from around one side of the great cardboard can of LIKWID GLU. Then Boodie stuck out one hand and waved.

"H'wo peepow," he said. His voice—without the aid of the microphone sounded little and childish. A very desirable effect, as Stanley pointed out.

The audience clapped. Madly. Boodie came skipping out, waving and bowing and ecstatically pausing to sniff at the oversize chrysanthemum in his button hole. He was small, with an incongruously angular, long, and reddish face above a rotund and padded figure. His hair was thick and absolutely, magnificently white.

"H'wo peepow," he said again, this time into the microphone. The people whooped and clapped and whistled.

"Aincha gonna say h'wo to me?" said Boodie. "I said h'wo to *you*!"

Martin G. Eames in the background was signaling—one—two—three—like a cheerleader.

"H'wo Boodie," chorused the crowd emphatically. And then applauded wildly at their own accomplishment.

Boodie Richardson dug his toe into the floor and wrung his hands. He fluttered his eyes.

"Oh sanks. Sanks, peepow. Sanks a—"

"H'wo Boodie!" shouted the men in the band.

Boodie, slowly, turned around.

"Dwop dead," he squeaked.

The audience howled. The men in the band guffawed. Before turn-

ing back to the people, Boodie glanced at the clock. 5:28.

Then, "It's weally wonnerful to be wif you peepow," he said, "an' I wanna sank you fo' comin' an' I wanna sank th' manoofacturers of LIKWID GLU fo' makin' this iddle get-together poss—"

"Oh—what you *said*!" boomed the men in the band. Right on cue.

Boodie looked startled. Completely.

"Whatza—" and then, "Oh-h. Oh-h my!" And half stumbling, he ran back to the big cardboard can, grasping at it, patting it, covering it with rapid kisses.

The audience was having a fit. The men in the band were having a fit. Martin G. Eames was having a fit.

Bedraggled, Boodie slouched back to the microphone.

"See whatcha gotta do for a sponsor," he said. "I eat two cans of LIKWID GLU evvy breakfast. I wike food that sticks to my wibs."

The audience roared.

5:29.

Martin G. Eames stepped forward.

"Folks," he said—still chuckling, of course, "in sixty seconds we go on the air. Coast to coast—and, as you know, Boodie always invites five extra-special guests to be contestants. This evening we have with us three very lovely ladies and two gentlemen selected by our scouts, who are, as you know, in constant search of people with the funniest names. Boy, are they tired of reading telephone directories. Anyway, we're all set to go now. Laugh good and loud if—ha, ha, you hear anything funny, and remember this is YOUR show and we want you all to be HAPPY!"

Fifteen seconds. Martin G. Eames stood to one side of the microphone. He looked at the script.

Boodie, who had been casually tearing out handfuls of the chrysanthemum petals and stuffing them in his mouth, now bobbled up and down a time or two, the petals spewing in every direction, and said, "I wanna say h'wo again. Do you wan't me to say h'wo to you? If I say h'wo to you, will you say h'wo to me?"

"Yes-s-s!" thundered the audience.

"Tha's good. Tha's werry good. . . ." He looked at the clock. Martin G. Eames looked at the clock. The men in the band looked at the clock. The people looked at the clock.

A small light flashed on.

"H'wo peepow!" squealed Boodie.

"H'wo Boodie-e-e-e!" cried the crowd.

And the band swung into the blasting, bursting "Boodie Bounce." Martin G. Eames leaned toward the microphone.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted. "Yes, it's the program you've been waiting for! Your program starring Laff King Boodie Richardson, brought to you with the compliments of B.W.B.'s LIKWID GLU!"

Boodie immediately started to dash towards the big cardboard can.

"And here he is everybody, your own—"

Boodie stopped short and raced, slipping and bobbing, back to the

microphone. The audience doubled up with laughter.

"—your own, Boodie Richardson!"

"H'wo peepow!"

And then, more loud music as the quartet—three men and a girl, came up, paused, and the melody jangled happily along as they sang,

"Handy, handy,
Just for you,
It's dandy, dandy
LIKWID GLU!"

And Martin G. Eames said, "Yes. folks, when you want to make something stick, stick to the one and only B.W.B.'s LIKWID GLU. Spelled L-I-K-W-I-D G-L-U."

"L-I-K-W-I-D G-L-U," echoed the quartet, merrily.

"For remember," continued Martin G. Eames,

"Handy, handy,
Just for you,
It's dandy, dandy
LIKWID GLU!"

" . . . available at all leading stores and it costs no more! And now LIKWID GLU brings you that laughable, lovable little guy—Boodie Richardson!"

As Martin G. Eames stepped back, he flung his arms up and down and back and forth. The applause was deafening. . . .

Boodie gyrated and curtsied and waved. He told one joke, two jokes —three, four, five jokes. The audience shrieked. Then snickering, cajoling, hollering, and teasing, Boodie one by one introduced the guests and began questioning the first contestant.

"Where'd ya get such a werry funny name?"

"I—I mean—I—" Her voice was shaking.

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Martin G. Eames laughed too.

"Oh! Whatta werry funny name! Well now, here's yo' question. Fo' six hundred an' fifty dowars tell me —aw yo' gotta do is tell me—who was the third King of Sweden? Tha's a weal easy one an' yo' got fifteen whole seconds startin' wight —now!"

Immediately, the band began playing. Immediately, the quartet began singing—over and over—and over,

"Handy, handy,
Just for you,
It's dandy, dan—"

Immediately, Boodie had begun jumping up and down, going through an elaborate pantomime, pulling his hair and pointing frantically at his watch. The contestant stood there. Dazzled, frightened, and speechless.

"
—dy,
LIKWID GLU.
Handy, handy—"

There was the sudden, small penetrating sound of a bell. And the immediate collapse of all confusion and noise.

"Ohhh-h-h-h-h. . . ."

"Oh," breathed Boodie sadly. "I'm weally so werry, werry sorry!" Then, brightly, "But we got fo' you, a gweat big year supply—OF—" He cocked his head, and—

Martin G. Eames came in—triumphantly—with,

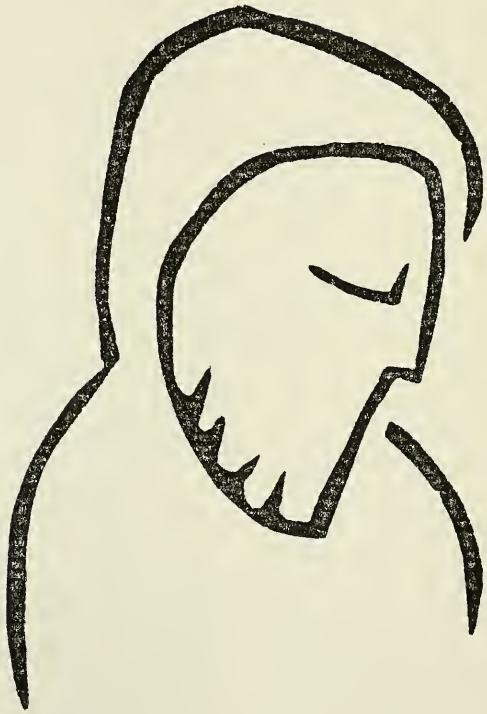
"LIKWID GLU!"

"L-I-K-W-I-D G-L-U!" burbled the quartet.

Martin G. Eames leaned even

more closely to the microphone.
"Yes, folks, remember," he said,
"Handy, handy, Just for—"

He was smiling. Most happily.
But he thought it was a hell of a job.
A hell of a lousy job.



A Man Is Smarter Than a Bull

● William C. Sayres

"DON LUIS," said Gregorio after the ninth bottle of beer had been downed, "you are most unusual."

"It is so, my friend, it is so," burped Don Luis modestly.

"So fat you are."

"So large I am."

"Such blubber is not often found in Colombia."

"My size would impress anyone."

Gregorio squirmed comfortably in the grass, watching the river that bubbled by the pueblo Moro. "Don Luis," he observed, "you listen to my voice but you do not hear my words. I did not say you were large. I said you were fat. I referred to your blubber, not to your size."

Don Luis peered carefully at a chicken spider that had crawled into his hat. How should one persuade it to move? Perhaps it would be best to throw the hat into the river. Or to splash some of the river into the hat. There always seemed to be something one had to decide. He put his bottle to his lips and gargled down the warm beer. "Gregorio," he murmured, "you must not mistake my largeness for fatness. There is power in this flesh of mine."

"Power to lie on the grass and drink the beer I buy you. Power to sweat, and belch, and sag toward the pretty young girls."

"Not so, *mio*. In my bulk there is the power of a fighting bull."

"A swollen sleeping cow, you mean." Gregorio licked the rim of his empty bottle. "Were you a fighting bull, my friend, an armless matador would dispose of you in two minutes."

"No, no, Gregorio. Were I a fighting bull, there would be few enough matadors to strut and whirl their capes."

Gregorio tossed the empty bottle into the river and watched it bobble downstream. "My beer has thoroughly wet your brain," he sighed. "Even young Sebastian could turn aside your charges with a cape of cellophane."

Don Luis noted with relief that the chicken spider had abandoned his hat. He felt invincible now. He could see in the muddy river an image of Don Luis the Unconquered Bull bowling over scores of trembling matadors. "It is true that young Sebastian may be a worthy *torero* some day," he conceded with a patronizing hiccup. "But the boy would be no match for me. I would bump him to the ground in an early charge." Don Luis lowered his head and growled softly, picturing the fear that would possess young Sebastian before the moment of impact.

"You are surely as ugly as a bull," admitted Gregorio. "But your fighting abilities on four legs would be as deplorable as your fighting abilities on two."

"You understand so little, Gregorio. A fighting bull is strong in the forelegs and brave in the charge, but the brain that guides it is somewhat lacking. Bulls die because they charge the cape and not the man. I, however, would charge the man."

"Easy, so easy to say, my friend. But I sense that you would not care to put it to the test?"

Don Luis massaged the sweat on his nose. How did this strange business begin? It is tragic that one cannot drink with a closed mouth! "You speak of a test, Gregorio?" he whispered weakly.

"Yes, a little test! It is easy enough to do. You say you are more clever than a bull. You say the cape would not fool you. Let us try your skill. Sebastian would be pleased to help us. A bit of exercise in the moonlight."

"But I am not a bull. We were only talking . . ."

"We shall give you the horns of a cow. You must lower your head when you charge."

"But Sebastian would not put me to the sword."

"Sebastian will have a club, and he will whack you with it each time you stagger by his cape."

"But I will not charge his cape."

"You will charge what you see. You may aim for Sebastian, but you will find only his cape."

"I do not believe it!"

"Come along, then, my friend. If a pig would be a bull, it must do more than squeal!"

Don Luis stood up soggily and lurched after Gregorio, swearing gently at the shifting path. The sun was almost down and the small pueblo took on the dusty glow of the candlelight that softened the doorways of its adobe huts. Don Luis hoped that it would rain, or that Sebastian would not be at home, or that Gregorio would lose the way. Surely this was all a joke! Don Luis chuckled painfully.

But the evening remained cool and dry, and Sebastian was at home, and Gregorio did not lose the way. Don Luis began to shiver inside. He waited glumly while Gregorio explained matters to Sebasitan, and he groaned to see the gleam in Sebastian's eyes. How warm and safe it had been by the river bank! How good the beer had tasted! "Would you permit me to offer you some wine?" he asked Sebastian.

Sebastian shook his head. "I must find a suitable club and the skull of a cow," he laughed. "But you must not neglect your own thirst while these small arrangements are being made. Here is a pitcher, and there in the corner is a keg of fresh *guarapo*. Your friend and I will not be long."

Gratefully Don Luis filled the pitcher with the sweet brew. Quickly he disposed of it with a single lingering swallow. Five times the pitcher was filled and emptied before Gregorio and young Sebastian returned. Sebastian had his cape and a sturdy axe handle, and Gregorio was carrying a battered cow's skull attached to a wooden frame. Don Luis gurgled a greeting. His reluctance had been washed away. This Sebastian was but a boy, a frail weed to be plowed under by

the *caballero* Don Luis!

Gregorio secured the wooden frame to Don Luis' shoulders. The blunt horns projected beyond the back of Don Luis' head. In order to hit anything with the horns, Don Louis would have to bend forward and charge in a stooped-over position. Don Luis decided to practice a little on the wall. Head down he rammed into the corner. The horns wormed into the mud structure and stuck there. Helplessly he wiggled and tugged and swore. Gregorio and Sebastian each took a happy swat at the quivering posterior of Don Luis the Stranded Bull and then freed him. "I need my practice, too," explained Sebastian. "The axe handle holds up very well."

The trio proceeded into the plaza, collecting a fascinated audience along the way. When the clearing was reached, Gregorio announced the terms of battle. Small wooden blocks were impaled on the already dull horn points so that Sebastian could not be pierced. Don Luis could charge as often as he liked. Sebastian was permitted one swing of the axe handle per charge: he was not allowed to strike Don Luis in the face or parts of great tenderness. The contest would end when Don Luis could charge no more, or when Sebastian was decisively knocked to the ground. Gregorio would serve as the referee, devising new rules should they prove necessary.

Sebastian took his place at one end of the plaza and waved his red cape at Don Luis. Don Luis approached carefully, ready to charge. Sebastian clutched the axe handle tightly in his right hand and moved directly behind the cape held in his left. "But this bull is already dead," he laughed, making a face at Don Luis. Down went the horns as Don Luis lumbered at the boy. Sebastian sidestepped, slapped the cape into the oncoming face, and roundly whacked the departing behind. Don Luis howled in pain and rubbed his bottom.

The growing crowd in the plaza settled on the grass for an enjoyable evening, if a short one. Gregorio was busy taking bets on the lasting powers of Don Luis the Lamentable Bull.

Don Luis turned around, looking vaguely for Sebastian. There he was, yawning and humming, cape ready and club poised. This young pup must suffer, Don Luis told himself doubtfully. He edged toward Sebastian, trying not to think about the axe handle that waited for him. Ten yards from the cape, Don Luis plummeted toward the boy it shielded. The red folds stung his face and the wood dug into the backs of his knees as young Sebastian danced aside easily. Don Luis hobbled over to Gregorio. "There has been no foul?" he asked hopefully.

"No foul, my friend. I trust you are able to continue?"

Don Luis nodded regretfully.

"Then pray do not stall for time," said Gregorio officiously.

Don Luis swore richly. Would that Gregorio rather than Sebastian were there to be butted! But one must deal with the powers that be. Don Luis considered the matter of tactics. Twice young Sebastian had dodged to the right. This time,

Don Luis decided happily, the charge would be directed toward the cape but would end with a sudden swerve to the right.

Don Luis pressed close to young Sebastian and hurled himself at the waiting red cape. Three feet from the cloth Don Luis lunged toward the right. Strangely enough, the cape moved with him. Again the cloth caressed his nose, again the club caressed his rear. Don Luis roared and looked over his shoulder. Sebastian had not moved from his original position: after all, the matador need not dodge if the bull is willing to dodge first!

Frustrated and fagged, Don Luis charged and charged. His face burned as the cape whipped him; his buttocks and his legs ached from the sting of the axe handle. Winded and discouraged, he limped over to Gregorio.

"One moment," said Gregorio, who was busy counting the betting stakes he held . . . flip, flip, flip, ahhh. "Now then, my friend, how may I serve you?"

"I am very tired," Don Luis began.

"That is obvious."

"Could you devise a rule which would permit me to rest briefly?"

Gregorio thought it over. "I am sorry, my friend, but the rules do not allow rest periods."

"Perhaps a small thirst period will be allowed?"

Gregorio licked his teeth. "A different matter entirely. Your condition is such that a three-liter thirst period is declared.

Don Luis dragged himself to the edge of the plaza, gratefully accepting the libations offered by his neighbors. Sebastian set about replacing his bruised axe handle with a fresh and sturdy one. Soon Gregorio coughed and waved his arms and reported that the intermission was over.

Don Luis and Sebastian faced each other once more. Don Luis blinked and shook his head. *Carajo!* There were now two, no, *three* Sebastians to dispose of! The thirst period had finished his chances. A *dozen* Sebastians now danced about the grass in front of him. He could not hit so many where he had failed to hit one. Blindly he charged the wavering images, passing closely between two of the phantoms, but feeling no cape, no wood.

Sebastian shuddered and picked up the axe handle he had dropped. New sweat was on his face, and he wiped it off with his cape. What was this creature that charged him now? Whose were those eyes that crossed and looped in their sockets? What beast would charge without purpose or direction and with legs that moved sideways as often as they moved forward?

Don Luis circled madly and shook his horns at the phantoms surrounding him. He was lost, with safety nowhere. The thwacks could reach him from all sides. He must promptly leave this place! He wheeled and blundered about, trying to escape the images, trying to find the rim of the plaza.

The collision startled Don Luis, and Sebastian, and the lookers-on. Gregorio moved into the plaza for a better view. There was Don Luis, on top and out of breath. There

was Sebastian, wriggling helplessly underneath.

"A foul," moaned Sebastian.

Don Luis offered an exhausted burp.

Gregorio sat down on the grass and considered. "It seems that you were knocked down," he suggested to Sebastian.

"But from behind, from behind," grumbled Sebastian.

Gregorio chewed on a piece of clover. "Why did you not turn around?" he asked curiously.

"I did not know where he was going. He was *loco*. I could not follow him."

The bystanders collected around the oddly shaped heap. "What does Don Luis say?" somebody asked.

Don Luis snored comfortably.

"Pull him off me!" pleaded Sebastian weakly.

"To name a winner would be very difficult," mused Gregorio, ignoring Sebastian.

"I cannot breathe," gasped Sebastian.

"Perhaps we could begin again tomorrow night," Gregorio continued. "And charge admission."

"Mercy, mercy," whispered Sebastian.

"A peso would be a fair price," rambled Gregorio. "Still, I do not suppose our contestants would appear." He placed his right foot carefully on the left hip of Don Luis and pushed. Don Luis rolled off Sebastian with a satisfied snore.

Sebastian was helped up and carted off to his hut. Gregorio wandered off with some drinking companions. The plaza was soon empty except for the slumbering Don Luis. The moon rolled slowly up the sky and a light wind came in from the east. Don Luis slept on, warm in his dream of triumph. The bull ring he saw was huge, and the stands were jammed far beyond their capacity. The most famous matador ever to wave a cape was sprawled powerless in the sawdust, while the greatest of the fighting bulls trotted proudly around the arena, acknowledging the frantic cheers of his numberless admirers.

Inseparable

● **Lorraine Good**

If they should ask me, love, to tell
Some sweet, remembered, thing
You left me—how my thoughts would swell!
For crocus kissed by Spring
Could not select one dew-drop jewel
More perfect than the rest;
So from my heart's reflecting pool
I choose each memory best!

Contributors

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